



# De La Soul Lyrics

## "U Can Do (Life)"

*[Whispered]*

(ahhhh, ahhhh)

c'mon, c'mon, bounce - bounce

c'mon.. bounce, rock, roll

(ahhhh, ahhhh)

*[Chorus: sung]*

You can do, whatever you want

Whatever you like

It's your own life

So let me be, to do what I want

To do what I like

Cause this is my life

*[Dove]*

It's been about ten long years, my skin wreaks

flavors that your incense couldn't match

We burn slow like syphilis in your piss, accomodated

with the penicill-in, you're listenin, to

This "Art Official" will keep your shoes moonwalkin

Soon to talk about, "Pop Music"

You'll buy it cause you choose it

A lot of MC's is really S&M'n

Whips and chains, I maintain like a old jazz singer

Elephants in any location

Held back in rotation, an apple a day

only makes a nigga fruity

I eat responsibilities to carry out my duty

*[?]* in the MD's, I pull it out just to polish it

Make notes if you earnin or wait your turnbuckle

I stick to gettin mines like stucco (ahhhh, ahhhh)

*[Chorus]*

*[Pos]*

I'm that full-time rapper, the nickname's Llama

Part-time father if you ask my daughter's mommas

Missin in action cause the action got a fraction

of the world listenin to me

Got em travellin overseas in lands constantly

Got a sea of hands wavin, ain't misbehavin

but a lot of kids cravin for somethin they ain't got

Like the keys to the ride and a pocket with a knot and it's

holdin they ground til they rot in it

Plottin it, lockin it down strong

cause it's nuttin wrong gettin your bubblin on sticker

But too much bubblin can make you fizz quicker

So watch your stack, keep your fam intact  
and pay attention to the now, I'm clearin the mess  
While they stressin back in the day, I'm at the front of the night  
with my crew shinin light on the (ahhhh, ahhhh)

*[Chorus x2]*

*[Pos]*

Now we on top of this like a typical bed position  
Peepin your view, got your whole crew wishin and waitin  
Makin dollars out of ten dime pieces  
who be sippin out the glass suckin on the lime pieces included  
In my pieces I pen the good livin  
And even when we're stressin from in the hood livin  
at least we're livin and there ain't no hell in that  
Give me a yell in that, and go (ahhhh, ahhhh)

*[Dove]*

I wanna see the world ten times over  
Dive off cliffs and land on oppotunities unthinkable  
You sinkin straight to the bottom; while I float in parades  
that St. Patty couldn't put up  
All my niggaz tryin to build, then throw your wood up  
Design life like PNB gears so stand clear for the blast off  
Last off my chest, peace to Dav West  
Live your life to the fullest (ahhhh, ahhhh)

*[Chorus]*

*[whispered]*

You can do.. what you want.. what you like  
Let me be.. what I want.. what I like

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "My Writes"

(feat. Tash & J-Ro)

*[ad libs for the first 30 seconds]*

*[Dove]*

Yo - who hold guns and rock ice bigger than life;  
got bitches throwin they drawers on stage - that ain't me!  
I raise kids, push whips, piss an MC  
Love money like I love my moms  
Love my nigga Com Sense when he bang dents all up in they wallets  
Wall to wall bullshit I got hardwood floors  
Set sail for tour ever since eighty-nine  
so y'all are fuckin the same hoes who used to be mine

*[Tash]*

And I've been waitin three summers to rhyme longside my people  
Rico, De La, inject you with the lethal  
dose of hop-hippin if you thought CaTash was slippin  
then put that drink down, you drunk off what you sippin  
CaTash put the dip in dip dive socialize  
Fuck around with me and next you'll find yo' crib burglarized

*[Xzibit]*

Yo you better recognize and try to analyze this  
Hand over fist - how can a man act like a bitch?  
Change and switch, snitch on his crew  
Yo get rid of the niggaz before the same thing happen to you

*[Pos]*

And they'll leave your ass sticky like glue  
Blood leakin out, girls freakin out, motherfuckin cops tweakin out  
Got you on your knees like a freak, jugglin deez nuts  
Smugglin these cuts from S.C., you best be-  
-lieve there's no web or leave a net  
We done swallowed 40 bottles of threat, yo

*[Chorus: all together]*

What you know about my writes? (my writes)  
What you know about what's weak, what's tight?  
And what you know about an off night? (uhh)  
What you know about niggaz frontin for the light?  
And what you know about them gun fights? (gun fights)  
Got a nigga duckin while them girls show fright  
What you know about my writes? (my writes)  
Ah what you know about my writes? (my writes)

*[Xzibit]*

Yeah, yeah, look

I'm Samson without Delilah, the soul survivor  
The drunk driver that rolls straight, take the whole cake  
Chop it up with the family, wash it down with alcohol  
My telly's a Desert Eagle for all the fuckin shots I called  
My niggaz gotta ball, never settle for less  
Heavy metal, heavy on yo' chest like two breasts  
Step into my office cause it's time for you to roll somethin  
One false move, and we gon' beat you like you stole somethin

*[Pos]*

Yo these style I kick should be called *[?]* rap  
Drawin the pussy out the nigga after my prize, cause I want it  
They stomach what I throw, they know I'm right for they diet  
They librarian flow keeps the party real quiet (shhhhhh)  
The love I lost outweighs the rhymes I gain  
but the fact that I spit 'em makes me cherish the name  
So pass the mic so I can put in my share  
I rip it from home to L.A.  
with connectin flights to rip it elsewhere

*[J-Ro]*

Drinkin up Black & Tan in the back of a van  
I learned as a young man - long trip, piss in a can  
Gettin a house for two grand, now you got your own land  
Let your mind expand, everyday have a plan  
Ro-Gram is rare earth, swingin Black Tarzan  
You got to live with the cards dealt in yo' hand  
Stay young like Peter Pan, like Sly, take a Stand  
and go Uptown Saturday Night like Ichiban

*[Dove]*

I keep it dirty like under the bed (dirty)  
Dirty like Uncle Red; aiyyo, *[?]*  
Dirty brown Likwit flow thicker than the Yoo-Hoo  
Dirt you dishin out, chef tellin it all  
Face down in the dirt, doin my dirty work  
Expert, tryin to regulate my network  
Head jerk, spice it with rice, stick with it  
If they ask who cut the grits I'ma say E-Swift did it

*[Chorus w/ minor variations]*

*[Tash]*

And I've been known to get it on, past the break of the dawn  
Tash'll punch you in your grill and leave "Potholes in Yo' Lawn"  
(C'mon!) You makin diss songs? Spit that rhyme my way  
I can shut y'all niggaz down like the Y-2-K  
I did a tour in ninety-four with De La Soul and Tribe  
We on the same vibe, cause real niggaz coincide  
("Right-right-right..") The situation is drastic  
but see songs like these is why this album goin classic

*[J-Ro]*

This is for the DJ, bring it back one time  
I drop bombs like when my moms told me to rhyme  
I'm - old school like my dad is  
So add this, to your collect', Plug Won - who the baddest?

*[Pos]*

Aiyyo we theme park status, upstage these niggaz like Gladys  
Them little Pips, they done tripped the wire  
Blamin they legs, while I'm claimin these tunes  
In this we'll stay down like seats found in sorority bathrooms

*[Xzibit]*

Yeah - we flat out classic, seperate the real from the plastic  
and I gotta say no names  
Play no games, hit the switches, crack the frame  
Show no shame or fuck it all up, take the blame  
Brand name fresh out the box type hustle  
Manpower success is mind over muscle  
Grind til the wheels fall off, accept the loss  
I never been soft, whatever the cost, addicted to floss  
Nailed to the cross it's time to return  
My only concern is makin sure that Hollywood burn,  
Hollywood burn, burn to the ground, trick-ass niggaz  
is all up in the game and don't deserve to be down

*[J-Ro]*

Four bottle rap, twist the cap and kick back  
De La, Xzibit and Tha Liks came to get that  
And what you know about us droppin ya  
and leavin you with half a face like the Phantom of the Opera?

*[Chorus w/ minor variations]*

*[Chorus extended]*

Ah what you know about my writes? (my writes)  
Ah what you know about my writes? (my writes)

*[Tash]*

You got the right to shut the fuck up! *[laughing]*

# De La Soul Lyrics

"Oooh!"

(feat. Redman)

*[Redman (doing Run-D.M.C.'s "Together Forever (Live at Hollis Park '84)"]*

Party people, your dreams have now been fulfilled  
Get your ass up, and let's get ill  
That's right y'all, we more than rough, we callin your bluff  
And when it comes to rhymes... (Brick City)

*[Pos]*

Yo, don't scandalize mine  
I spent too much time  
Straight talk with the catch to etch my line walk  
Never fetchin for crime, halt! Who goes there?

*[Dove]*

Yo, it's the squeeze of five fingers, puffin Smokey the Bear  
Shinin black like Darth Vader caps, they on stare

*[Pos]*

While we rockin it, I'll rock in it (rock in it)  
Like the little ball inside the spray can  
Providing three coats for both child, woman and man

*[Chorus One: Redman]*

God bless the God, lay these Streets Wall to Wall  
It go - oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh!  
Yo, you got popped like a flick by that rivalry click  
It went - oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh!

*[Pos]*

It ain't my fault your ass is on the asphalt  
Got your chin touched by my fam who though you brought harm, you see  
I'm iced out like a glass of tea  
Better yet, oatmeal cookies, y'all just rookies to me  
Slidin' up and down the court, but I don't think you can D  
Why try? Maseo be gettin high since Luke was Luke Skywalker  
Man, my topic of talk is sheddin shame all over your game  
Like them shorties who claim that afrocentric lovin is the past drug  
A life filled with (TWEET) that's what thugs love  
Snatch you fast, wrap that ass in the rug of your choice  
while it muffles your voice

*[Dove]*

Now when I'm swimmin through the joint, I put the funk on hold  
Cause if you don't, you'll see the bubbles come up  
We run up a tab and gladly add a little extra for miss  
Flashy faces with bigger lips for that ass to kiss

*[Pos]*

Most crews are post-current while we're forever  
Direct beats that's contagious, loved by all ages  
Graduated from the you-and-I-versity  
of hard-hitters, for real

*[Chorus Two: Redman]*

I got niggas in the streets that'll blast your ass for the shine  
And get - oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh!  
Yo, if you a fat chick gettin your fuck on tonight  
Then go - oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh!  
Yo, put your hands opposite to the ground if you're lovin our sound  
Go - oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh!  
Yo, and to my broke niggaz on the corner holdin me down  
Go - oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh!

*[Dove]*

Yo, I swear Tommy gonna get it, he done did me wrong  
I had plans to buy more land, plant corn  
Bust kernels on heat, work hard like wetbacks  
Set backs is gonna get my ass to be hostile  
Rockwilder the beat, top dollar defeat  
Big money's make the big decisions  
Keep hip-hop alive, it's just an intermission  
Back to the second half of the feature flick  
Dick stacks and fuck rap

*[Pos]*

I had a name for makin paper since paper mache  
Now my dollar coins join pounds of yen for play  
While you broke niggaz reach drunk much quicker  
You don't make enough bread to soak up all your liquor  
Went from God to God damn

*[Redman]*

Damn God, you're killin it  
Should incorporate it, invest half a mil' in it  
Rap cats talk with no will in it

*[Pos]*

Soundin like they virtual  
This joint'll hurt you, yo

*[Dove]*

Twas the night before Christmas and my crib got robbed  
(shhh shhh shh, shhhhh) They did a job  
Took all my goodies out from under the tree, except the CD's  
of shiny-suit rappers and flossin emcees  
who fail at takin it to rhyme degrees

*[Pos]*

Man, you know no wack poems get no play in our homes  
You need to not get nappy with me

Or else we gon' "relax your mind, let your conscious be free"

*[Chorus Three: Redman]*

Yo, where my Wall Street niggaz, if ya up in the stands

Go - oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh!

To my women that'll throw they hands against they punk-ass man

Go - oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh!

Yo, if you never been shot or stabbed

Brick City go - oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh!

Yo, I gotta catch a cab back to the lab so I can smoke

Go - oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh!

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Thru Ya City"

(feat. D.V. Alias Khrist)

Ohhh ohh, ohh OHH ohh ohh  
Ohhh ohh, ohh OHH ohh ohh, ohh  
we talkin bout

*[D.V. Alias Khrist]*

Hot times, runnin thru ya city  
If you miss it now it'll sho' be a pity  
We got - hot times, runnin thru ya city.. *[echoes]*

*[Pos]*

I ain't no thug son, my name is Plug Won  
I drop a certified gem, for him and her  
Knockin on your radio, like the Crash Crew  
ask whoever you want - I'm managin the funk on the paper  
Outside of that we pull capers for days  
Ridin throughout the maze of street, while we blaze the beat  
Watchin the sweet things wiggle they butt  
to Plug Three, on the cut, movin on ya what-  
-ever ya got, we gon' get, bringin our point, to ya position  
Rippin stages with my thought coalition  
Carryin on, eradicate all your stress mode  
Just another episode through these area codes  
We bankin on

*[D.V. Alias Khrist]*

Hot times, runnin thru ya city  
If you miss it now it'll sho' be a pity  
We got - hot times, runnin thru ya city.. *[echoes]*  
Hmmm..

*[Pos]*

It's the hot-ness, talked about but never seen  
like the Loch-Ness, til ya cop this; drop it inside your vein,  
and like a train, we be runnin throughout your legs and arms  
You're high off our talent and charm  
Check the caliber - this be a smash  
like some food on stage for Gallagher  
Wear ya bib, cause it's messy  
Niggaz schemin on my (Girl) as if my name was +Jesse+  
Watch your manners! Now let me pass it off to Dave Banner

*[Dove]*

Yo, I set travels like Karen LaRue  
Small talkin in the big city, it's all about gettin the coins  
Everywhere I go I touch a tenderloin  
They sportin a dot com Viet marker bomb

on your metro - MARTA order iron horse  
Yo take the cross and meet a nigga at the butcher  
I'm cuttin your girl - we on a world tour  
Supplyin your bloodstream with nothin but the pure uncut, in ya

*[D.V. Alias Khrist]*

Hot times, runnin thru ya city  
If you miss it now it'll sho' be a pity  
We got - hot times, runnin thru ya city.. mmmm..

Freak freak freak the funk the funk the funk the funk  
funk freak the freak the freak the freak the freak the freak  
Freak freak the funk freak freak the funk

*[Dove]*

We ain't walkin on a yellow brick road  
These streets stay red and bloody kid  
Study your code, so you can easily pass  
I stash a little love when I'm on the visitation  
If you crossin my lane, nigga do the same  
I guaranteed to run through and prove the game  
ain't bigger than the pieces in it  
You see the pieces in it had me stuck travellin one side of map  
Clappin hands with rap cats who ain't deserve dap  
Long hauls and livin out a suitcase man  
Chickenheads and gangs of fruitcakes man  
Ain't nuttin better than explorin the outskirts  
especially when she ain't got no pantyhose on, and it's on

*[D.V. Alias Khrist]*

Hot times, runnin thru ya city  
If you miss it now it'll sho' be a pity  
We got - hot times, runnin thru ya city.. *[echoes]*  
Mmmm..  
Hot times, runnin thru ya city  
If you miss it now it'll sho' be a pity  
We got - hot times, runnin thru ya city.. *[echoes]*  
Mhmmhmmhmmhmmhmmmmmm..

*[Pos + Dove going "Ohhh ohh, ohh OHH ohh ohh" every 2 lines]*

Yo - it's like, the Mercenary gettin down  
And we got, Dave Banner gettin down  
And we got, Maseo gettin down  
And of course, my nigga Eno gettin down  
And we got, Jay Dee gettin down (say word y'all)  
And of course, the Slum V gettin down  
And we got my man Khrist gettin down  
And we got, Com Sense gettin down  
And we got, N.D. gettin down  
You know Troy Hightower gettin down  
And we got, C. Smith gettin down  
And my nigga, Dave West gettin down..



# De La Soul Lyrics

"I.C. Y'all"

(feat. Busta Rhymes)

Yeah!

*[Busta Rhymes]*

Ha ha ha-hah ha-hah ha, ha-hah ha-hah ha  
Ha ha Flipmode y'all, whatchu talkin bout?  
De La y'all, whatchu talkin bout?  
Whatchu talkin bout?

*[Dove]*

Yo, you gettin stomped by the marching band  
Keep 'em shook like spray cans (it's so hot)  
It's so hot it'll make your face tan (ooh!)  
Ace ban rap, the place the wasteland  
Bit y'all in my mouth, but you taste bland  
I feel fake niggaz and mince these snake niggaz  
that hiss but won't bite - false alarm  
And if it don't (Rockwild) we fin' to drop a bomb  
(Word up) (Strong) grip on a mic like we (Stretch Arm)  
I BEEN shine, you been warned and been torn  
Get smacked for the B.S. you been on  
Storm bad weather/whether or not you stay scorned  
For ten years I've baked shit like hot potato  
Rhymes still drippin like stu-b's, you groupies  
need to show I.D. before the bust down  
Touched down the God put 7 to your Zippo  
and drop it on you heavy like a hippo  
(Now you heard that?)

*[Chorus: Busta Rhymes]*

To all my dogs all the way in the back, ready to black  
I.C. Y'all (see y'all) I.C. Y'all  
Ladies get down shake yo' ASS around, I hope you know that  
I.C. Y'all (see y'all) I.C. Y'all  
To all my soldiers on the corner I.C. Y'all (see y'all)  
Women doin what they wanna I.C. Y'all  
To them people gettin pulled over I.C. Y'all (see y'all)  
I.C. Y'all (see y'all) wouldn't wanna be y'all

*[Pos]*

It's the one and only effect, that you catch from a cassette  
Straight wig out the world and girls we straight dig out ya back  
with letters spellin out my name  
All over your marquee, cause the spark is me  
Currently we can be seen across your screen  
Stayin wide-eyed cause you niggaz tryin to scheme  
Welcome to the spot - I'm slaying with it

Chop it up and fit it inside your quart of rice  
You speak ghetto falsetto on the mic device  
Tryin to give me third degree, you just a third of me  
Couldn't be the shit if you were a turd of me  
A man tight with my funds, crush like Ricky D  
who quoted Vance Wright - no one can serve us!  
My squad advance heights quite superb  
Just kick off your shoes - jump on the jock  
It's been a long time comin this you NEED to cop!

*[Chorus]*

*[Busta Rhymes]*

It goes one (one) two (two) three (three) four (four)  
Bounce so much I ricochet up off the floor (floor)  
So raw shit the most raw you ever saw  
Quarter after four, niggaz quick to bust the back door  
Baby - open your blouse while I joust another nigga's spouse  
Quick Jamaican dick style all in they house  
I practice to be the all access, you see the fact is  
my mouth dirty, so follow while I display the slackness  
Yo, you see my slang talk straight from the slums  
When I was young, moms put soap on my tongue, and yo-yo  
Forever we gettin this CHEDDAR with the quickness  
While I cast the spell on these bitches, you can be my eyewitness  
Short fuse, nowadays Langston Hughes  
We gettin money with whoever - even the Jews  
The way we finagle and gain it must be all in my shoes  
Fuck a nigga up with De La like [?] can amuse

*[Chorus]*

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "View"

*[Pos]*

Yo.. we bout to get it (get it) get it (get it)  
get it (get it) get on down (down) down (down)  
Yo! We bout to get it (get it) get it (get it)  
get it (get it) get on down (down) down (down)  
Yo!

*[Chorus: Pos]*

We run it, HOT! When we over the drums  
To the, TOP! Cause the bottom we're from  
We got the, DROP! On your weekend crew  
cause you're full-time talkin while we peepin your view

*[Pos]*

Rahubat[?], you know my name  
I run my humbleness with fame  
God-body, nuttin plain  
while you claimin shepherd that you heard this  
you, heard this on day first  
Watch my man, he'll make it worse  
Ain't no new click, we still Native

*[Dove]*

Clothes knit, stitched tight, related  
that's the way we handle it  
Pin us up or mantle it  
We on fire you candle lit  
Daydreamin, on a rack  
Get bought worn and brought back  
We sport rhyme thought real tight

*[Pos]*

to gain sizes much bigger  
Life life well, get mail filled with  
checks from sales we deliver

*[Dove]*

Spend a little, make a little  
I want it big like white boy wallets  
Credit delievered, Fed-Excellent  
To my dot com, we on the web like Charlotte's  
Hornet, back her up, she too much on it  
Your plastic ass'll get swiped  
past the limit see you the type  
to get yo' cosmetics smeared on pillows all night

*[Chorus]*

*[Pos]*

while we peepin your view  
while we, peepin your view  
We got they eyes on lock  
Let them flock to your wit while I spit after you

*[Dove]*

Look ma, I'm still rhymin  
Baby boy still providin  
Breakin bread in four states  
Makin these struggles get gone  
Private eyes, I see y'all spyin  
You watch while I clock  
Fertilize my brain data  
Makin accounts grow green like the front lawns

*[Pos]*

Yo I may be old school  
but I'm not no old fool  
Heard out your mouth words flee  
bout "These niggaz ain't nice"  
You just barbershop talkin  
while we round the world walkin  
B, you ain't D.M.C.  
You slip and fall on my ice  
No lyin, straight shinin  
I give you supper from my upper diamond  
You got limbs so climb in

*[Dove]*

Yo, soak up what you find-in  
We too pure for you to try  
You sniffin maybe's and if's

*[Pos]*

And if "if" was a spliff  
Man we'd all be hiiiiiiiiigh-iiiiigh.. iiiggghhhh..

*[Dove]*

.. but it's not, so sober up  
You flashin out like you paparaz'  
You'll need to take a liver shot  
to feel the heat on how we runnin it, YO

*[Chorus x1.75 minus last line, 2nd time]*

*[Pos]*

cause you're full time talkin while we, while we  
while we lettin you know I'm in a  
certified rhyme meadow for days  
If you ask Mercenary bout this shit, it pays  
Hitting Willie Mays style out the park

Mastering in this (Art) that's (Official)  
Your ears absorb this like tears, on a tissue  
cause my thoughts are dollar bill crisp  
Distinct like E-Double's lisp  
L.I. alumni, wonder why I got it  
Got it? Get a piece  
Got product that you all should own and not lease  
Some say drummers play synonymous with ill  
with wordplay, that keep us all paid like a bill  
We're the parent company  
You the sub in my D-I-vision  
You don't know how.. *[words fade out]*

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Set The Mood"

(feat. Indeed)

Now check it (sup?)  
Let me set the mood here aight? (yeah aight cool)  
We gonna, set it off with In-dee-dee, dee-dee-dee, -deed  
(Yeah that's right) You know  
La-la-la-ladies first and all that  
(That's right ladies first)  
So peep it - you see this girl  
who been poppin MAD shit about you  
So I want you to get into it a little bit  
I want you to cru-cru-cru-crush that [?]

*[Indeed]*

I was sittin on my lunchbreak, grittin my teeth  
It's the last day of the week, man what a relief  
My arms are sore as hell, I felt rigid and stiff  
so I turned around and I rolled this big fat spliff  
That's when I seen her, steppin out a rented yellow Beemer  
This local ghetto fame rap cat her name was Tina  
She was braggin she was goin on tour  
The same shit she was screamin since the year before  
Ever since the De La Soul video, she seen me on the TV  
Heard that she was holdin a grudge and tryin to see me  
Workin underground circuits and mad cyphers of people  
When she asked who was ill, all she got was Indeed  
She wanna battle (what?) and it wasn't hard to tell  
All that I was thinkin bout was tryin to smoke my L  
I had four hours left and I was tired as hell  
Plus it was 12:55 almost time for the bell  
She had an ill screwface mug, frontin like she know Joe  
Gangsta bitch profile, boppin like allegro  
Forty-below Timbos, fatigues saggin  
Pullin all her money out her pocket while she's braggin  
on her gold fronts with her name on it  
Her ice finger roll hand g-low while she claim fame on it  
I peeped the stee' - then I crushed her with ease  
just for interruptin me while I was rollin my trees

Alight? (Whoo!)

That shit was bla-bla-bla, bla-blaze! (word)  
Now we gon' se-se-set, se-set this one up  
for my man Mercenary (aight aight yo let's do this)  
(whassup?) Yo, I don't want you to make it like  
a story or nuttin (aight)  
I just want-want, want want-want  
want you to come on some straight rhy-rhy-rhyme  
rhy-rhy, rhy-rhyme shit - rip a nigga in his ass!

And let him know how WE do it, y-y-y'know?

*[Pos]*

Now Maseo puff cheeba, while Rich sniff lines  
David J push the whip while Candy Cal pull dimes  
And me right behind, with the shorty gettin her math  
to do the Savion routine and just, tap that ass  
Still the one who kill wackness, man I left them niggaz crippled  
Had em all soft to hard back to soft like a nipple  
My (Art is Official) while you're art-ificial  
Break you down to your very last participle  
Let me enlighten you, cause your third eye's on dim  
Me gettin taken out is rare like a smile from Rakim  
See I'm remarkable, you're just bull  
last name shit, y'all niggaz need to quit  
Open your mitt, and catch this  
I autograph every word you bit  
Testify then[?] take your picture  
Got an infinity of non-rhymes to hit ya  
while your whole clan is blam  
Understand that you must be smokin POUNDS of weed out of a pipe  
and mistook your munchies, for bein hungry for the mic  
And now you have to deal with these cats who's truly right  
like estates with a pit on the lawn bark at the gates  
Put the whole entire plate in your face  
Make the point like who's that on that joint? It's me  
I'm in everything you see like [?], yo I'm in demand  
I'm in the club man I'm in your hand  
bein bought, I'm even in the thought from your girl  
The only thing you're in is in acting  
Your world'll be smashed  
Run against the Won and you'll be last  
like that call for alcohol, depletin your cash

That's how you supposed to get in somebody ass  
y'knowwhatmsayin? Know-know-know, know-know, know-know dat!  
Hahahahahaha

*[ghost weed skit 2 follows]*

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "All Good?"

(feat. Chaka Khan)

*[Chaka Khan]*

Oooh noo-ohhh, noo-ohhh  
Oooh noo-ohhh, noo-ohhh!  
Oooh noo-ohhh, noo-ohhh  
Oooh noo-ohhh, noo-ohhh!

*[Chorus: Chaka Khan x2]*

It ain't all good, and that's the truth  
Thangs ain't goin like you think they should - it's all on you

*[Chaka Khan]*

I don't care about what you think you see  
the thangs you want to know when you look at me  
God knows I done been through and paid my dues  
Can't change how you feel, cause it's - all on you-whoahhha-ohhh-yeah

*[Dove]*

I wish that, you could be a little bit more upfront  
Weigh the situation how you want (right)  
The lovin that you claim is just a four letter word  
The third letter's invitin so visualize the verb  
You curve thoughtways when you're handlin the candleabra  
so you sittin on the baby grand  
Transmittin like you're made of man  
but you paint a funny face like a chick  
When I see you I'ma tell you quick that uhh..

*[Chorus 1/2]*

*[Dove]*

I can't believe we built this large pizza pie together  
No pepperoni  
Yeah you wanted extra cheese, sometimes I gave you extras  
How we divided slices like the Red Sea theory  
I was Moses hopelessly scorned by your thorn zapora  
Tried to bring that fairy-tale life, you wanted horror  
but my microscope couldn't see or cope with that  
I had to bolt from that, and left you dead in the sea  
It's better for me, I'm satisfied with reppin for D

*[Pos]*

We were certified hot, then dropped to lukewarm  
Now we back up in the spot, claimin never been gone  
Niggaz who cut us off, wanna reattach us now  
(Them girls who brushed us off, say they want some #'s to dial)  
Yeah I give that ass a number, and some lumber to pile

Now catch a curve from my kick (or show me lovin by brick)  
So stick to the same plan, don't come shakin my hand  
like we peeps, it ain't beef but be sure to understand  
Between us, it ain't all..

*[Chorus]*

*[Pos]* You see them kids be schemin on what we done copped  
*[Cha]* Always out there schemin!  
*[Pos]* They steady fiendin for the moment they can get us off the block  
*[Cha]* Why they always fiendin?

*[Pos]*

Your people might have your back, but you need to watch your front  
Indeed, ain't nothin guaranteed

*[Chaka Khan]*

That's the truth! Things ain't goin like you think they should

*[Pos]*

A lot say they wanna walk in my size 10's  
Aight then; here's a pair  
Lace 'em up tight then you might feel what was dealt to me  
You see ain't no young boys up in here; keep a clear head  
Tryin to keep my pockets on stuffed - like deer heads  
upon the wall, so all the gall we get from y'all DON'T FAZE  
So mind your biz and walk away  
cause I'm never gonna let you up inside my maze

*[Chaka Khan]*

I don't care about what you think you see  
the thangs you want to know when you look at me  
God knows I done been there and paid my dues  
I can't change how you feel, cause it's all, on you-whoahhha-ohhhhh

*[Chorus]*

*[Chaka Khan ad libs to end]*

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Declaration"

Yo, this girl called me..  
"Hi Pos! Heard your shit, back in style baby!"  
.. heard the De La, said I'm back in style y'know?  
Heh..

*[scratching]*

"You-you-you.. you need to stop"  
*[Prodigy]* "I declare that only live niggaz rap this year"  
*[P. Smith]* "Jam's off the meter yo, this {shit} is hot"  
"There's always ONE.. (ONE!)"  
*[Rebel INS]* "Amateurs get hung with they own gold chains"  
"There it is!!"  
*[Prodigy]* "I declare that only live niggaz rap this year"

*[Pos/Plug Won]*

The average MC sells terror  
We nail terror up against the wall for target practice  
Not one of your top five MC's  
but I see clearly with ease you lack this  
Coast to coast, we pop up on your scene like toast  
playin host to your regiment  
who rally to boast, but now boast no more  
They got floored by the sight of my ledger print  
I came specifically, to fracture yo' ability  
to grandstand anywhere next to me  
This is the year, when the true better man  
keeps the cheddar and writes to his destiny (word!)  
Timeless episodes of talent got me nominated  
by the ones who hated me on spittin tighter  
Salute these "Supa Emcees" for bein clever;  
and never use the weed as a ghost writer

*[scratching]*

*[Prodigy]* "I declare that only live niggaz rap this year"  
*[P. Smith]* "Jam's off the meter yo, this {shit} is hot"  
*[Malik B]* "Run a rapper through a maze like a experiment"  
"Yeah, word up!"  
*[Prodigy]* "I declare that only live niggaz rap this year"

*[Pos/Plug Won]*

Contrary to popular truth, these youth are runnin scared  
so in one stare they gettin strapped  
Cash rules NUTTIN from below the belt  
The dick choose to melt asses where them dollars at?  
(Where them dollars at?) Musta been bitten by a rabbit  
Actin silly like that; your pop culture need a diaper change  
I'm snatchin the mic, like I'm lootin

with a whole lot of shootin while you're keepin out of sniper range  
Your aim's to please, my aim's to freeze  
you dead center in your tracks with your hands high  
Ain't no tricks, we set it to fire like Hendrix  
All the hard rocks at liquor spots  
All over the scene, makin it messy  
so we make a clean getaway to a better day  
Can't say the same, for them cats who left the game  
cause they couldn't claim the better pay  
This ain't no masquerade  
so the mass parade of people need to stop frontin  
There's truly a few makin them hits  
while us, we got our mitts closed cause you on the field buntin  
Make it to third base, but never reach home  
The word is, your whereabouts is unknown  
While we're that point of view, that you never really knew  
with the stitch to keep the cut sewn (De La!)

*[scratching]*

*[Prodigy]* "I declare that only live niggaz rap this year"

*[P. Smith]* "Jam's off the meter yo, this shit is hot"

..

ROCK A BYE BABY!! ON THE TREE TOP!!  
WHEN THE WIND BLOWS!! THE CRADLE WILL ROCK!!  
ROCK!! RO..

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Squat!"

(feat. Mike D and Ad Rock)

"Turn that shit off man! What's wrong with you man?  
You know we got a party man, get the other record!"

(Here we go..)

[from "Stix N Stonz"] ".. (Let it go!) Just one more time!"

[Mike D]

It's the M-I-K, E ohh to the D  
I'm comin exquisite and V.I.P.  
Tryin to spread some love like roots on a tree  
Stayin true to this vision in the Y2G

[Dove]

Two G's got em scratchin it like the fleas  
And Ad Rock got it locked like a crooked cop

[Ad Rock]

Noooooowww; it's Ad Rock, y'all remember me  
The guy ya bit ya style from off the TV

[Pos]

I score Mmma-Zah-Ayy's all day, my essays are felt worldwide  
We like four planets on the mic  
Aligned arrays retired all in the days  
Game (baby-baby) too blam for these lames

[Ad Rock]

When I was nine, I played with slime  
Got rhymes ga-lot, got rhymes ga-limes  
I got a million like rhymes leavin ya stung  
I got my own crew called the nasal tongue!

[Dove]

Yo take a few of these b-boys and call me in the mornin (okay)  
Keep it on the crusty eye, bagel with some butterflies  
Spit gritty like we in MCA's voice box  
Y'all bull and my ox don't fit the mix

(Disc jock!) It be some classic material kid  
(Disc jock!) Got the calm cats blowin their lid  
(Disc jock!) You get plush off the rack  
and buy plenty or more we got em by the stack  
(Disc jock!) Got us walkin all over the world  
for all the fly fellas and all the fly girls  
(Disc jock!) You can't get enough when we servin this

[x8]  
Come on - SQUAT!

[Pos]  
Now we'd like, to introduce to you, Ad Rock

[Ad Rock]  
Ad Rock in the house you don't stop!  
It's the B-E-A-S-T-I-E B-O-Y-S with the most finesse  
Don't mean to be crude, don't mean to be crass  
But listen Guilian you can kiss my ass (what?)  
You heard my word, now Dove you play the preacher  
Get on the mic if you love all the creatures

[Dove]  
Well yeah I got these fishes swimmin round my baracuda  
Back in '82 I used to ride a street scooter  
Called em cuter than pigtails, sales you keep em level, and  
smack you with a shovel and break your lifestyle (owwww!)  
Firm on the mic since my days of a child  
Got a "License +TOO+ Ill" to flash to police  
The only beast I huddles with the Beastie Boys  
Bringin "Noise" like P.E. to your TV

[Pos]  
Aiyyo this beat's barefoot and knock-kneed  
Stripped to the rhyme!  
And every line made from scratch  
Attached like stripes to shell-toes  
Thin spools that hold the herb  
Mike what's the word? (WORD!)

[Mike D]  
It's like the ooh-la-la, ooh-ooh-la-la  
Rhymin over old breaks like the Mardis Gras  
Party people cross and bump they go ooh and they ahh  
And Mike D and Ad Rock down with the De La

(Disc jock!) Get the people dancin for real  
(Disc jock!) Theater (jock!) holdin mass appeal  
(Disc jock!) You can't get enough STILL  
so here's another dose for you to feel!  
Put ya body in it!

[x8]  
Come on - SQUAT!

[Mike D]  
I'm feelin good, damn good, but also confused  
This stuff from hip-hop that's bein misused  
It's desirin, acquirin, tryin to be like Iverson  
if it means backstabbin and also conspirin

*[all together]*

Nowwww, the people in the front - you do the bump bump  
The people in the back - they're not the whack whack  
The people in the middle - come on and wiggle wiggle  
And the people on the side - we can all take a ride!

*[Dove]*

In my VW I done swung an ep' or two  
The rear in my hatchback y'all know I scratched that  
Here to haystack, keep it rosy in the Rolls  
Skiddin out to place my vote at the polls for Ad Rock

*[Ad Rock]*

Well I'm the the toe tapper, yes the hand clapper  
From the middle school like the educated rapper  
I'm known as an occupational MC  
You think I lose sleep if you sleep on me?!

*[Pos]*

Its the rock solid, pilot, here to fly (ROCK!)  
Reachin elevations too far for the eye (EYE!)  
Miraculous beats over breaks in these packages  
Seen (all over the globe) and all the types  
who thinks our joints is aight, here's a swab for ya ear  
(to clean out ya lobe) and listen to a few views  
from two crews spittin for the art of it  
We ain't takin over but damn sure takin part of it

*[Dove]*

Started it ever since we minced meat  
You Sloppy Joe's went and took a bit of the corn dog  
Stay there! I'ma play there (cuz they pay there)  
In the big old Santa Claus bag got discs and now we out

*[Beastie Boys]*

Signin off, signin off, our work is done  
So come on party people..  
Have (have) have (have) have FUNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNN!

*[from "Stix N Stonz"]* ".. (Let it go!) Just one more time!"

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Words From The Chief Rocker"

(feat. Busy)

*[Busy Bee]*

That's right, I'm dancin y'all  
I'm gon' keep on dancin into the new millenium  
Ya understand what I'm sayin?  
Hey De La Soul, Beastie Boys  
I love the way y'all doin this baby  
Y'all just gotta keep kickin it  
because the kids don't know, the other people don't know  
but they all gon' know now because me  
the Chief Rocker Busy Bee gon' just keep kickin flava babyyy!  
Ah like this

Just dance, and don't quit  
cause the music is gonna be the shit  
I just dance, and don't quit  
cause the music is gonna be the shit  
And now once upon a time in the place to be  
They was standin in line to see the Busy Bee  
When I pulled up to the curb in my ninety-eight  
I rushed inside so I won't be late  
You know the party was packed, where you couldn't even move  
And Busy Bee rocked, to the funky funky grooves  
To the beat that makes you want to freak  
Ah to the beat that gets rump out your seat  
Ah to the beat that makes you say  
Busy Bee, Busy Bee is in the house, ha HAH!!

I like the way this is goin down man  
Ahh this is just too much  
We just gotta keep doin this  
Because this is how we do it  
No static, no automatics  
This is just how we just gon' keep kickin this flavor baby..

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "With Me"

*[Intro/Chorus: sung]*

Dance with me, come on dance - with me baby  
Dance with me, come on dance - with me baby  
Dance with me, come on dance - with me baby  
Dance with me, come on dance - with me baby

*[x2]*

*[Dove]*

How you gon' tell me to mind my own biz  
when you lookin like somethin I need to know about?  
I used to go about it the wrong way, tuggin your arm when you'd pass  
But I see you got class besides all that  
Yeah I'm picky in my own way too  
While the rest of these fools is lookin to screw your brains out  
I bling'd[?] out don't[?] wanna stand froze  
Practicin my hello's, hey lady, how you doin  
Renewin these vows is like fifty steps beyond from here  
Shit I don't even know your name yet (word)  
Ain't sure what your character contains yet  
But damn lady, you could be my Valentine  
Cupid got his infrared on my chest clocked  
Let the rest flock, they just birds anyway  
I grow my confidence in words the Henny way - yeah, buy me a drink  
so we can sink into that thought path..

*[Chorus]*

*[Pos]*

Now you know you ain't right, eyein me up all night  
despite the fact some kid is runnin chitta-chat in your ear  
How the hell we get here, with me over here, and you over there  
when we can make, such an obvious pair?  
Why miss? Have you misread my shyness for conceit?  
I'm peepin how you move it to the pace of the beat  
Got my eyes on wide as they constantly collide with yours  
Your heavenly body rushin the tide to shore  
Your heavenly body rushin these guys to the floor  
to find pleasure in your double digit design,  
but these clowns look hurt  
And as a woman's ex-nigga I'm a woman ex-pert  
Understandin how the ovaries and all that shit work  
Extremely dreamy, my eyes you look surprised  
that I'm movin closer - don't be, I'm supposed to D.C.  
Are you for real or a tease?

*[Dove]*

Now let that drink set in sweet, we up close and personal  
Ain't nuttin dull about this, sharp like Swiss precision

(Caught you watch-in) my every move from the door  
Teran escortin us to V.I.P., we live in D.C.  
Shoestring dress I wanna fuck and make your hair look a mess  
Suckin the straw huh? You know the head game  
First place chick girl I'm all about winnin too  
I want my trophy life-sized in a see through

*[Pos]*

This ain't your average, whippin your batterage  
drivin song that probably isn't your type  
So I type it long with that ink that won't budge  
or smudge off your memory; courtesy of SkyTel  
My mail, pop up like some bubbles found on VH-1  
Also need the math to your color pH-1  
Not the old man in the club who needs his dub to get rubbed  
but sound the buzzer, I'm comin to sub

*[Chorus x1.25]*

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Copa (Cabanga)"

Ladies and gentlemen!  
We got De La up in the house tonight  
They just walked up in here  
We gon' see if they can come up here  
and do a lil' somethin for us

*[Dove]*

Yo, it's star-studded in here  
I'm on the moon like the first man  
First can I grab is gon' get it  
She all independent but want her throat wetted  
Tight from the floor to height  
See I saw the night, in dream bubbles I fiend to see double  
so I sip until my bladder bust  
You in V.I.P., so why you mad at us? (Word)  
By-stand, I'm in the world fox-trottin  
gettin my Fred Astaire on, follow my lead girl

*[Chorus: x2 uh-huh only 2nd repeat]*

Me and you come over, we  
do it like the cha-cha, just  
like we at the Cop-a, Ca-bang-a (uh-huh)

*[Pos]*

For all my niggaz runnin around like the mothership landed  
Or is it because there's some others who handed  
their daughters over to the night life  
Yes we tryin to find a night wife to get wit  
Interface with they whole clique, I force the draft  
I get the first pick, run this easily  
?? rule like D, Joey and Jay  
Around the way, we're goin  
but first tell all these women who ain't knowin

*[Chorus x2]*

*[Pos]*

Yo.. I talk no shame upon this  
I got aim all on this to shoot and score the trout  
who's actin all cute and out of position while I'm wishin  
to get her bottom limbs arched like a grasshopper  
Puttin in work to make it last proper  
Ninety percent of the time is on my mindframe  
So I'm game to reign up to par  
while my fam runs it cool up at the bar, I stay clearheaded  
Lettuce enough cheese to get shredded  
We like Navy Seals lookin for the gold

Our natural appeal got them others on hold  
Them girls dealin with us tonight  
Came with the large appetite and got served  
Got nerve to think less, you can bless me and my kinfolk  
Rushin up against my yolk-sac promote that  
pimp play upon how we get it on for real!

*[Chorus]*

*[Dove]*

You see you hopeless up in the spot  
Talkin a lot of champagne taste holdin 40 ounce pockets  
Switch the sprocket to gear to top of the year  
We gon' drop it like confetti on it, get ready on it  
Her fast ass wanna get all Andretti on it  
Makin my main man Poke like Trakmasterz  
Blazin-trail, we Portland to Nor-ton  
"Honeymoon" flicks don't exist in this  
I sip a little left to twist spines together  
Vertical hold, we gon' combine together (yeah)  
Even if we spill the love  
we got compliments up at the front door  
Just tell em Dullah sent ya  
Thirty minute Tae\*Bo shit's how I bench ya  
All on a Saturday night, step to life  
I love the way Sally walk  
Bow legged in a two piece steel, we live in New York  
We live in New York

*[Chorus x1.5]*

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Foolin'"

Who you foolin.. only foolin [x2]

[Dove]

Yo, I stay cousin to this, introducing Mr. Dave Banner  
Scannin proper with my sight muscle  
This rap shit, is just my night hustle  
My J-O's to stay fearin of my G-O-D  
Whether what may, meet me at the front door  
See the pressure got a nigga knockin shit off his desk  
Cause of the stress I stack words make cats bruise they neck tissue  
Stay pertinent to the issues  
Cut your tag too close, display these verses tight, virtuals  
sort of like we supposed to, pantyhose raps you run  
Stay [?] like black folks some [?]  
mostly fakin it, to make it

[Pos]

I play low-key til it's time for you to know me  
Stir my lime with light, drink it down slowly  
Holy shit! Now look what I get  
A whole string of party people wanna run in my mix  
In my world they wanna fit like melanin in a tit  
Jam tight, they ain't my fam alright? They ain't my people  
Them niggaz screamin fam til they rank measure equal  
then vote, without leavin a note, and that was all she wrote  
Arranged produced my slang's obtuse  
but some distort, tellin stories like Mother-the-Goose  
My true fam's [?] back since with Vince Mason  
We'll draw on three, leave that body for the tracin  
Ultimate high, like them drugs you be lacin  
Coulda stood next to me, at the top of the key  
but you had to play gutter, didn't want to climb  
Now you find yourself talked about in my rhyme

[Dove]

While you fools claim corners, we gon' claim theories  
Y'all some stickball niggaz, we the World Series  
Been here, just pleadin the same case  
ever since we spaced about "3 Feet"  
Pinchin your ears, inchin for years  
but you still stuck at the mezzanine and  
we at the penthouse level with the same old rugs  
same old tubs, same old tables and same faults  
Same crew and the same old train of thought

[Chorus: De La Soul]

My guess you need to head West (who you foolin)  
Thought we'd fall for your phyness you're (only foolin)  
yourself, thought you were down - it takes more than a smile  
and a couple of pounds to be crew  
Man you bound to get your tail caught (who you foolin)  
Spreadin yourself thin see you're (only foolin)  
yourself, thinkin all you need is the wealth  
You need to peep your whole circle out

*[Pos]*

Yo, since Jam Master Jay been rockin without a band  
and that sister k.d. lang been sexin without a man  
we brought our ultimate plan to birth  
Put in work for this game, it's not a game to me  
We've been furnished the props  
Now we out to furnish properties we own  
That's right (so) cats might know we ain't home  
My throne's threatened by fiends, try to do dirt  
Play Tony Randall - have that ass cleaned

*[Dove]*

Unveiled I see your exhibition, y'all need to cover that  
Fatherless styles, y'all really need to mother that  
Same expose, different page  
but when you see me in it it's the same old Dave

*[Pos]*

Y'all silly, you're just a civili', I'm a soldier  
Troopin in this path til the death won us over  
So if life is a party begin, to understand  
just like the DJ, we stayin to the end

*[Chorus: De La Soul]*

How you think you gon' get away? (who you foolin)  
Changin faces on the regular you're (only foolin)  
yourself, big top status, paintin your face  
Who you think you really gonna fool huh?  
We watch, what we got so (who you foolin)  
around on my premises you're (only foolin)  
you, into thinkin you can break in too  
my place, and not have to face, our position

Who you foolin.. only foolin

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "The Art Of Getting Jumped"

I WAS..

*[Pos]*

.. on my way, to the disco  
You know the club, Maseo was rockin rub that night  
Midnight to four, name at the door  
but the whole crew I can get in as well  
So I got on my cell, called my nigga C. Smith  
Let this be a jam that we need not miss  
"Yeah I'm already en route," no doubt  
Might even jump up on the mic  
to make sure that this party's turned out  
And we some punctual types, on time, look for the line  
to stand we find girls screamin the blues  
Miscellaneous shoes everywhere  
"Yo Mase, what happened here?"  
("Go Brooklyn!") Yo Brooklyn, y'all know the rules  
Bump [?] people and out come the tools  
Ain't been a fair fight since the creation of crews  
and that's why them dudes hearts all pumped  
Done closed the club down,  
cause one of they niggaz got jumped  
Jump, jump, jump to it!  
Uh-huh, you heard the hook  
No matter you Braveheart or shook  
You can catch a bottle from the right, tap to the left  
Kicks to the mids reliev'in you of breath  
I seen it done sloppy, seen it organized  
Some saw it comin and for others it was SURPRISE  
Catch a swollen eye and blood loss, courtesy of the  
Jump, jump, jump to it!  
Jump, jump, jump to it!

*[Dove]*

Yo! When they put the contracts out, bats and chairs included  
Chicks can get into it - 'specially pretty broads  
My New York City dawgs seem to master the art  
When you hear the ("WHOO!") that's when the bullshit'll start  
It only takes a second less you got on ice  
Just for wearin your chain in they club, they'll beat you twice  
Served with fried rice, you get a can of whoop ass  
My only advice is don't fall and book ass  
For the nigga who slip, don't fall in a position  
where your lip'll catch a hickie (girl they'll fuck your mascara)  
Shoot, go and ask Tara, just for havin good hair  
man they left her ass cute, pulled it dead out the roots (ARRRGH!!)  
It's never one or two of 'em, they headin out in troops

Timbos, hoodies loose over jumpsuits  
Waitin for the first vic to disrespect  
Catch a double-dutch rope around your neck in the midst of the  
Jump, jump, jump to it!  
Jump, jump, jump to it!  
Jump, jump, jump to it!  
Jump, jump, jump to it!

*[Pos]*

It's schematically plotted out to break hearts and bodies  
and ya best believe we came to party  
Don't cause trouble but still can find double the crew  
against you and your peeps and leap-like-frogs on ya  
for reasons like - not in the right part of town  
actin like you wore a crown  
Some occasions long and mean to earn the right  
to throw signs wearin only one color scheme  
And bein positive is no exclusion  
That's an illusion - you can still catch contusions  
for flossin your hard-earned shine  
I'm talkin games *[?]* the longest  
then it's some other niggaz time  
You'll get beat out of your mind just for rage  
Shit my black ass almost got pulled off stage  
Just for holdin it down on the mic, you could be talkin,  
"Black people unite," and still catch a lump from the  
Jump, jump, jump to it!  
Jump, jump, jump to it!  
Jump, jump, jump to it!  
Jump, jump, jump to it!

*[Maseo]*

Yo, it's this joint, called the art of getting jumped  
We had to put this one on the album y'know?  
Yeah - this is dedicated  
to them punk motherfuckers out in Germany  
That Turkish gang that jumped me up in the fuckin club  
Tried to knock me senseless  
They just couldn't get me though  
That's why I second round outside on 'em  
Pull out some fuckin guns - punk bastards  
and that's why my ass was hidin under the bridge (HAHAHAHA)

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "U Don't Wanna B.D.S."

(feat. Freddie Foxxx)

Hahahahahahahahaha!

*[Freddie Foxxx]*

HA! Check it out!

It's Bumpy Knuckles baby, also known as Freddie Foxxx  
That's right, and I came to check my niggaz De La Soul  
See y'all niggaz don't really wanna bust dat shit huh  
Yaknahmsayin? So I'ma show you niggaz  
the super-laser-gamma-ultra-kill-a-nigga special  
You niggaz ain't no killers  
You motherfuckers ain't gonna hurt nobody nigga  
You better keep rhymin nigga  
'fore I smack the shit outta you you little fuckin sissy  
You niggaz ain't real; that's right  
It's De La Soul baby, and Bumpy motherfuckin Knuckles baby  
Alright, c'mon on!

*[Maseo]*

Check my stats, entire - apparat'  
Even from the days when I had to roll strapped  
Wonderin if I gotta go back to that  
Zest to rub records from rap and kick facts  
to tracks and stack, one [?] got kayed  
Yeah some got paid, some waved in the fades  
Fact of the matter my style will never fade  
Managin to keep it all A-grade  
So you can stay nourish and flourish with the truth  
[?] some niggaz I know  
If I need a mayday  
Bust some fuckin niggaz tryin to play me cra-zay  
Causin interruptions to my big pay-day  
Playin with them guns make them fuckin lea-ry  
but if it's clear-ly  
Merely and surely and, how it's gotta be  
I got some thorough niggaz that's ridin me  
So witcha bullshit I'm not buyin it B  
Don't come around thinkin you can try it with me  
Cause uhh..

*[Chorus: x2]*

You don't wanna bust dat shit (uh-uhh)  
You don't wanna bust dat shit (no no)  
You don't wanna bust dat shit (uh-uhh)  
You don't wanna bust dat shit (no no!)  
You don't wanna bust dat shit (uh-uhh!)

You don't wanna bust dat shit (NO NO!)  
You don't wanna bust dat shit (UH-UHH!)  
You don't wanna bust dat shit!!

*[Maseo]*

Shick shick, CLIK-A-CLIK  
This is where my people headin at  
Innocent people are carryin gats  
Now what the fuck is all that?  
Is it cause times is live like a wire  
gettin shock treated by the crossfire  
Ha-siyahh, burn bare well prepared  
to make my decision for my livin  
I ain't the one (Robin) I'm the one (Given)  
Hip-Hop driven, and willin to die for it  
When Scott LaRock died man I cried and shit  
Then some cats got rich callin a woman a bitch  
but ain't no woman like the one I got  
and if you call her a bitch well you might get (BLAM)  
And I know the feelings is mutual  
It's uncivilized and unsuitable  
Crips and bloods are recruitable

*[Chorus]*

*[Freddie Foxxx]*

Ha ha, yeah you get the motherfuckin point, HUH?  
You niggaz get the motherfuckin point, HUH?  
That's right so while you niggaz is sittin up in central booking  
Crying like bitches, HUH?  
I'm in the motherfuckin holdin block  
waitin for your sweet pussy punk ass  
And I'ma whoop the shit out of you  
for gettin on a fuckin record, actin like you a fuckin killer  
I'ma show you niggaz what a motherfuckin killer's all about, HUH?  
You niggaz ain't no motherfucking gangsters  
You don't wanna bust that motherfuckin shit punk  
I'll punch your whole chest cavity out faggot  
You ain't no real nigga, nigga  
I'll smack the shit out of you  
cause you ain't a fuckin live nigga  
You sittin in central booking, cryin like a bitch  
Waitin for your father, to come bail you out  
and Freddie Foxxx don't play that shit nigga  
That's right, Bumpy Knuckles motherfucker  
And if you don't know, now you motherfuckin know  
And yo De La, check it out - it's your motherfuckin man  
And if any one of them niggaz get sidewindin with you nigga  
let me know, and I will send them niggaz hot ones  
like I'm a motherfuckin Mexican - feel me on that one HUH?  
Cause them niggaz know me nigga  
Believe me nigga they know me  
The motherfuckin troublemaker, that's right

And De La Soul, is rollin with Bump' Knux' nigga  
So WHAT?!?! Tell me, WHAT?!?!?